ALIENS™ VS. PREDATOR™

DARK HORSE COMICS

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Randy Stradley
writer

Phill Norwood
penciller
cover artist

Karl Story
inker

Pat Brosseau
letterer

Monika Livingston
colorist

Diana Schutz
editor

Mike Richardson
publisher

Randy Stradley
executive editor

Neil Hankerson
director of operations

Bob Schreck
marketing director

Chris Chalenor
production manager

Jack Pollock, Monty Sheldon, Jim Spivey
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PRINTED IN CANADA.

On the planet Ryushi, the tiny ranching colony of **Prosperity Wells** has been visited by two alien races: those insatiable interstellar hunters known as the **Predators** and their transplanted prey, the **Aliens**. It's all part of a cyclical "coming of age" rite for the Predators that has gone disastrously wrong. After a chance encounter with one of Ryushi's human inhabitants causes the destruction of their landing craft, the leaderless young Predators forget about their intended quarry and go on a rampage — attacking outlying ranches and indiscriminately killing the defenseless settlers.

Alerted to the presence of the Predators by the discovery of the hunting party's wounded leader, the inhabitants of Prosperity Wells hurriedly prepare their meager defenses. Meanwhile, **Machiko Noguchi**, the ranking corporate officer at the settlement, ventures out to investigate the massive transport ship ***The Lector*** — the only possible avenue of escape left to the colonists. To her dismay, Machiko discovers the reason *The Lector* hasn't made its scheduled shuttle run to its orbiting barge: the ship has been overrun with Aliens.

Now, alone and far from the settlement's defenses, Machiko is witness to the first encounter between the Aliens and a Predator...

WE'D DONE OUR BEST, WITH LIMITED PERSONNEL AND RESOURCES, TO FORTIFY PROSPERITY WELLS AGAINST THE "INVADERS." WE COULD HAVE SAVED OURSELVES THE TROUBLE--
--WE WEREN'T THE TARGETS OF THE "INVASION." WE WERE MERELY BYSTANDERS, CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO OPPOSING FORCES:
HULKING, HUMANOID WARRIORS LIKE OUR "PATIENT" IN THE MED-CENTER--
--AND THE SILENT, EYELESS MONSTERS THAT HAUNTED MY DREAMS.

PERHAPS IT WAS THIS CONNECTION TO MY NIGHTMARES--AS WELL AS THE FACT THAT THE MONSTERS HAD KILLED MASON--THAT PREDISPOSED ME AGAINST THEM...
ON THE OTHER HAND, THE "WARRIOR" HAD SAVED MY LIFE--AND IT WAS MORE HUMAN THAN ITS...NIS... ADVERSARIES.
MAYBE IT WAS JUST HIS RESEMBLANCE TO MY MENTAL PICTURES OF THE SAMURAI AND WARRIOR MONKS WHO PEOPLED THE STORIES FROM MY CHILDHOOD...
...OR IT COULD HAVE BEEN THAT IT'S SIMPLY HUMAN NATURE TO CHEER FOR THE UNDERDOG.
WHATEVER THE REASON, I CAUGHT MY BREATH AS THE "WARRIOR" LEAPT--HEROICALLY, IT SEEMED--INTO BATTLE.

HIS MOVEMENTS WERE SO SWIFT, I COULD SCARCELY FOLLOW THEM...
KANK
...SO POWERFUL... SO ASSURED...
FLOOM
...SO DEADLY...
THUNK
CHIK
CHUK
...AND ULTIMATELY FUTILE.

DESPITE HIS SPEED AND STRENGTH AND PRACTICED MOVES, THE "WARRIOR" WAS NOT A SMART FIGHTER--
--HE WAS LIKE A KARATEKA WHO HAD MASTERED HIS STYLE, BUT HAD NEVER FACED AN OPPONENT IN ACTUAL COMBAT.
HE HAD NOT CHOSEN A "GOOD" FIGHT...
...NOR HAD HE ALLOWED FOR ANY OUTCOME OTHER THAN VICTORY.
THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HEROISM AND STUPIDITY. IN THE END, THE "WARRIOR" GAINED NOTHING BUT A GLORIOUS--AND POINTLESS--DEATH.
I DIDN'T LOOK BACK. I HAD LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO: NEVER ALIGN YOURSELF WITH A LOSER.

SCOTT! SCOTT, WAKE UP! I THINK-- uhh-- I CAN GET MY ARM FREE--
K-KRAK!

I DID IT! NOW, IF I CAN GET THIS--
HURRY UP! GET ME OUT OF THIS!
KRAK

HURRY!
SNAP
KRAK
QUIET! I'VE ALMOST GOT IT--

JESUS... WHERE'D THEY ALL GO?
I DON'T KNOW. ONE MINUTE THEY WERE ALL AROUND US-- THE NEXT THEY SWARMED OUTTA HERE LIKE MAD BEES.
ANYWAY, WHO CARES? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THIS WAY -- THROUGH THE EMERGENCY HATCH...

WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE?
HER? SHE'S ASLEEP --I THINK...

LET'S GO-- BEFORE SHE WAKES UP!

BLAM
BLAM
HIROKI, THIS IS MACHIKO! DO YOU READ? HIROKI--
COME IN, PLEASE!
BOOM
I READ YOU, MACHIKO. WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M APPROACHING THE SOUTH LOCK. LISTEN--WE'RE IN REAL TROUBLE. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST--
AT THIS POINT I'D BELIEVE ANYTHING!
MACHIKO... I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BE FRIENDS, BUT... uh... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, ALL RIGHT?
FSSSSSS
HIROKI... WHAT ARE YOU--?
WE'RE WELDING THE INNER DOORS OF THE WEST LOCK SHUT. WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE -- THOUGH I WISH WE COULD SEE WHAT WE'RE SHOOTING AT.
WE'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET EVERYONE TO THE LECTOR--
HIROKI, NO! THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY -- BESIDES, THE LECTOR'S NO... uh-oh... RILEY?
THE HUMAN MIND'S ABILITY TO SORT AND COLLATE INFORMATION IS NOTHING SHORT OF AMAZING...

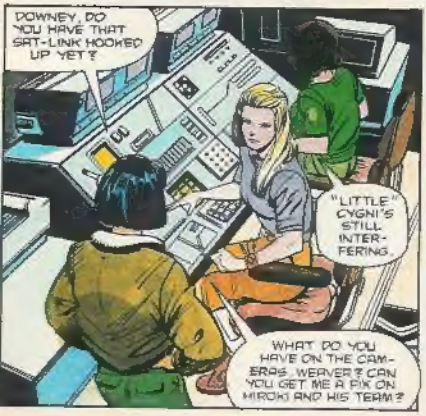
...I WAS LISTENING TO HIROKI'S VOICE ON THE COM, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE ECHOED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE COMPLEX, MY HEART WAS POUNDING LIKE THUNDER IN MY CHEST--
--AND, SOMEHOW, I HEARD ANOTHER SOUND... OR A HINT OF A SOUND: NOTHING MORE THAN AN INTAKE OF BREATH.
IT WASN'T MINE-- AND IT CERTAINLY WASN'T RILEY'S.
FAINT THOUGH IT WAS, IT WAS ENOUGH.
CHUKK
INVISIBILITY. THAT'S HOW THE "WARRIORS" HAD GOTTEN PAST OUR DEFENSES.
BUT INVISIBILITY HAS LITTLE MEANING TO CREATURES WITH NO EYES.

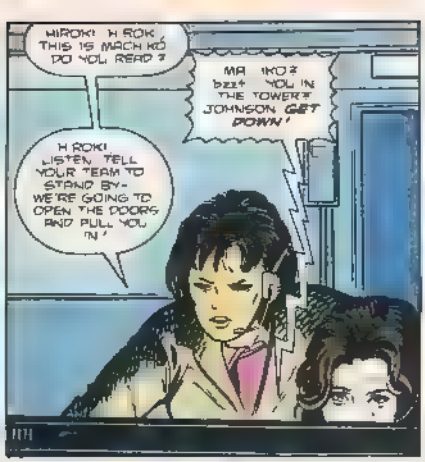
GET READY! SOMETHING'S COMIN'!
DON'T SHOOT! IT'S ME, NOGUCHI!

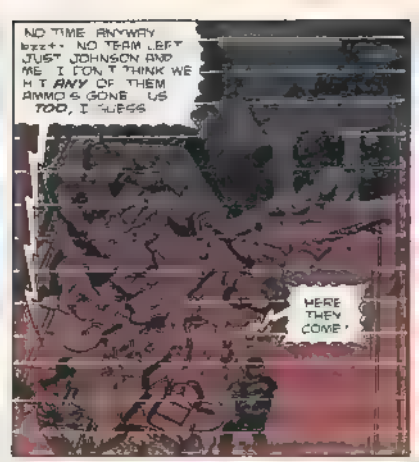
DID YOU SEE THEM? HOW MANY DO YOU THINK THERE ARE?
TOO MANY. FALL BACK TO THE INNER DOORS AND GET SOMEONE WITH A WELDING TORCH OVER HERE. SEAL *ALL* OF THE DOORS--UPPER LEVEL, TOO--EXCEPT THE EAST LOCK. NO ONE GOES IN OR OUT WITHOUT MY AUTHORIZATION.

LOAD THIS FOR ME, AND GET ME SOME EXTRA CLIPS FOR IT.

WILL *THREE* EXTRA CLIPS BE ENOUGH?
MAKE IT FIVE. NO--*TEN*.
AND *SEAL THOSE DOORS!*


DOWNEY, DO YOU HAVE THAT SAT-LINK HOOKED UP YET?
"LITTLE" CYGNI'S STILL INTERFERING.
WHAT DO YOU HAVE ON THE CAMERAS, WEAVER? CAN YOU GET ME A PIX ON HIROKI AND HIS TEAM?


HIROK! HIROK! THIS IS MACHIKO! DO YOU READ?
MACHIKO? bzzt YOU IN THE TOWER? JOHNSON GET DOWN!
HIROK! LISTEN! TELL YOUR TEAM TO STAND BY- WE'RE GOING TO OPEN THE DOORS AND PULL YOU IN!


NO TIME ANYWAY bzzt... NO TEAM LEFT JUST JOHNSON AND ME! I DON'T THINK WE HIT ANY OF THEM AMMO'S GONE US TOO, I GUESS
HERE THEY COME!

STAY SAFE MACHI! bzzt!

HIROKI AND HIS TEAM HAD GONE OUT AS HEROES. THEY'D SACRIFICED THEMSELVES FOR THE REST OF THE COLONY. BUT I HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SACRIFICE.

I HAD SQUANDERED THE TIME THEY'D BOUGHT US. I HAD FAILED THE COLONY AND I HAD FAILED HIROKI.

MS. NOGUCHI? THIS IS WEAVER. I KNOW YOU AND MR. SHIMURO WERE FRIENDS. I DON'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT YOU, BUT

WHAT IS IT, WEAVER?

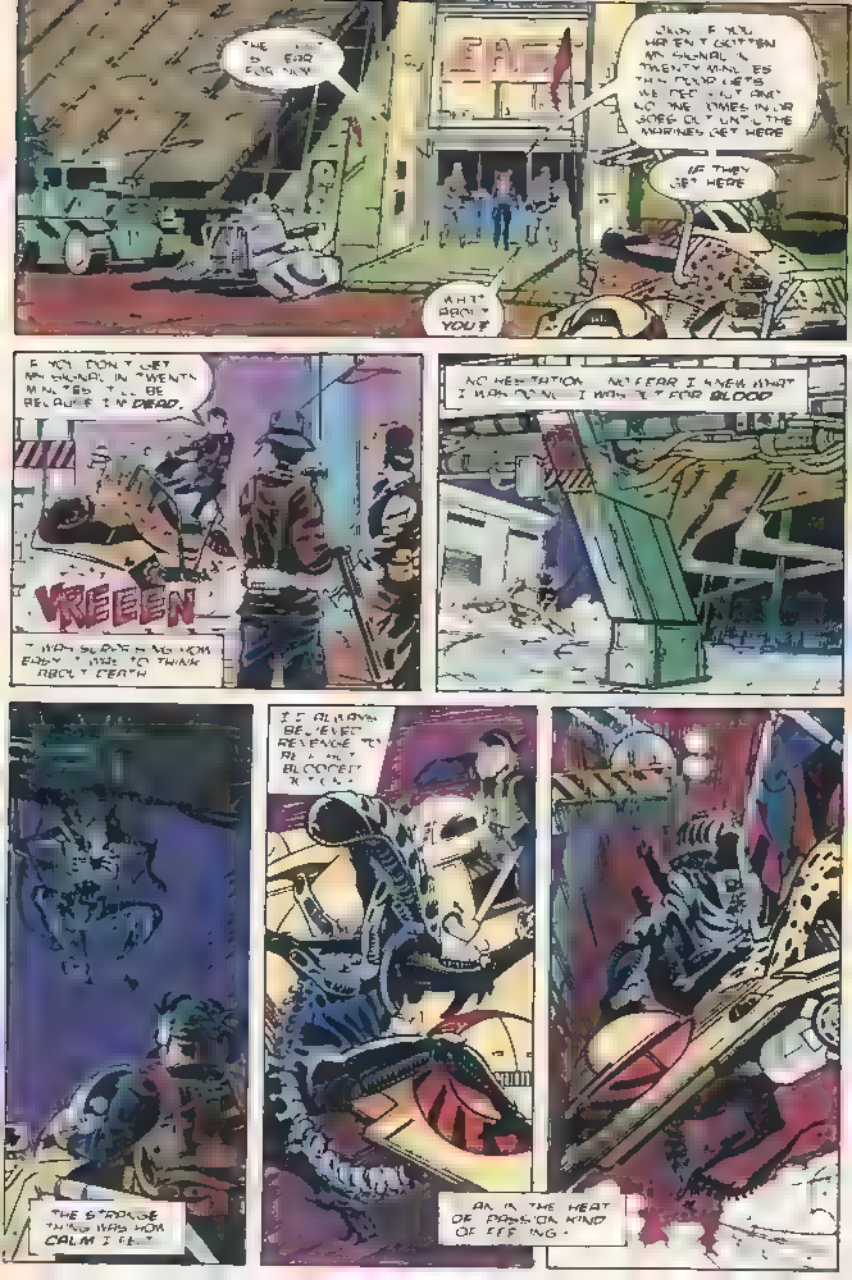
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE. I CAN TRANSFER IT TO YOUR SCREEN.

THIS IS THE FEED FROM THE SECURITY CAMERA ON THE SOUTHWEST SIDE OF THE TOWER. I'VE BOOSTED THE GAIN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.

--BUT THE PICTURE'S STILL DARK. A LOT OF THE LIGHTS SEEM TO BE OUT IN THAT SECTION OF THE COMPOUND.

--IT LOOKS LIKE OUR ATTACKERS ARE HAVING A VICTORY CELEBRATION.

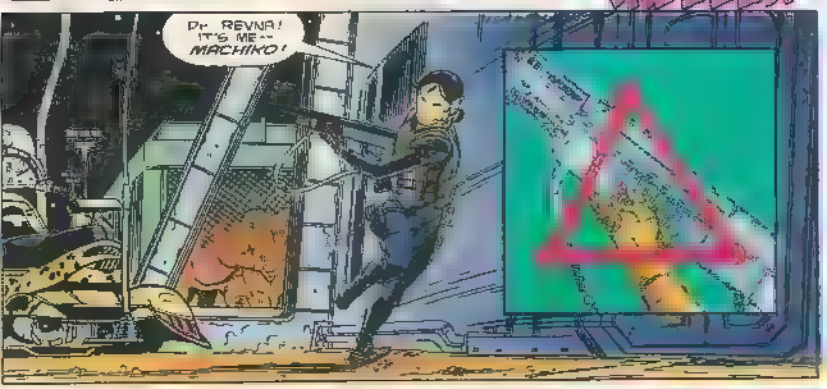
TEN CLIPS! SHE'S NOT THINKIN' OF GOING OUT THERE, IS SHE--?
YOU GUESSED IT
WHO OWNS THE FASTEST OTHER BIKE?
WHERE IS MARKET?
THAT'S IT? WE'RE TALKING ON A LIFE WHAT WRONG WITH THE REST OF US? THINK IT YOU WERE ELECTED TO BE IN CHARGE. WE'RE YOUR GROUP. RESPONSIBILITY?
SMACK!
RESPONSIBILITY? I THINK IT'S TIME FOR THIS WHOLE MESS YOUR FAULT NOT LAND
IF WE HAVE THROUGH THE YOU'RE GOING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO TO RECTIFY WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE!
WEAVER IS IN CHARGE NOW. I EXPECT YOU TO FOLLOW HER ORDERS - TO THE LETTER
DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

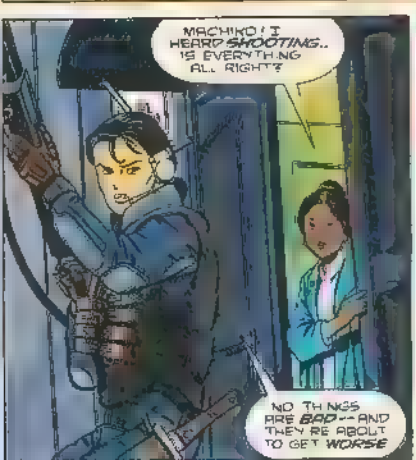

THE [illegible] IS DEAD FOR NOW
OKAY, IF YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN AN ORIGINAL TWENTY MINUTES THIS ROUND, GETS WE'RE PUT OUT AND GO THE TIMES IN OR SORE OUT UNTIL THE MARINES GET HERE
IF THEY GET HERE
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
IF YOU DON'T GET AN ORIGINAL IN TWENTY MINUTES, I'LL BE RELEASED I'M DEAD.
VREEEEN
I WAS SLAPPING MY HOW EASY IT WAS TO THINK ABOUT DEATH
NO HESITATION NO FEAR I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING I WAS THIRSTY FOR BLOOD
THE STRANGE THING WAS HOW CALM I FELT
I'D ALWAYS BELIEVED REVENGE TO BE A DISH BEST SERVED COLD.
AS IN THE HEAT OF PASSION KIND OF FEELING.

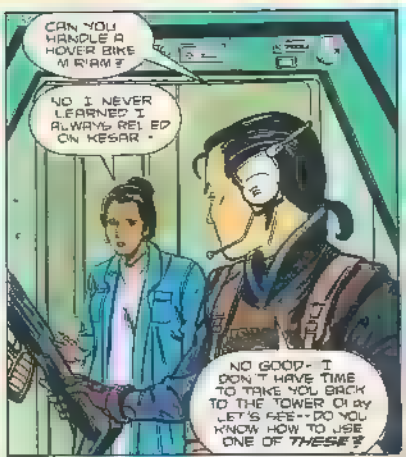
SOEEEE!
KRUNCH
--SOMETHING THAT WOULD OVER WHELM A PERSON, AND CLOUD HER JUDGMENT

BUT I WAS IN COMPLETE CONTROL
I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DOING

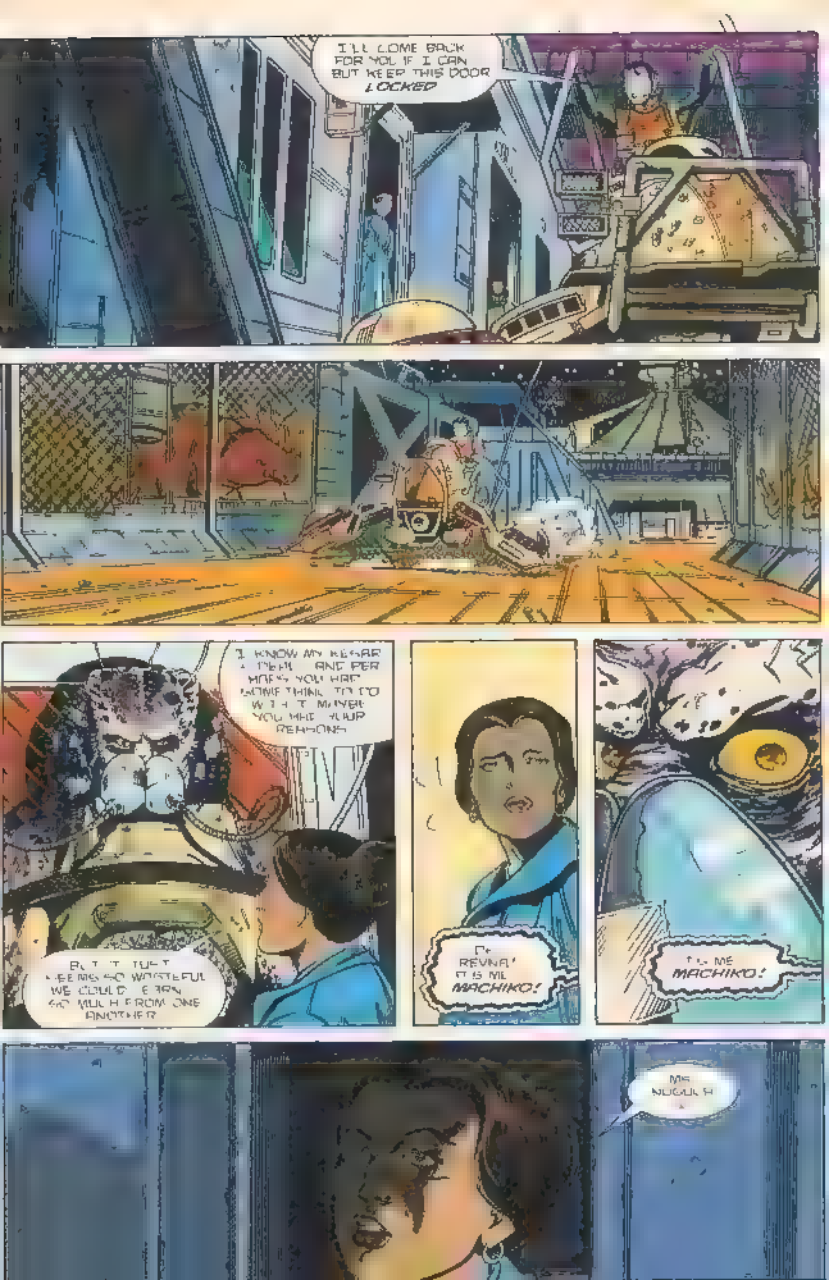
Dr REVNA I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HER!
VREEEEEN


Dr REVNA! IT'S ME-- MACHIKO!


MACHIKO! I HEARD SHOOTING.. IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?
NO THINGS ARE BAD-- AND THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET WORSE


CAN YOU HANDLE A HOVER BIKE MIRIAM?
NO I NEVER LEARNED I ALWAYS RELIED ON KESAR -
NO GOOD- I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THE TOWER OI dy LET'S SEE-- DO YOU KNOW HOW TO USE ONE OF THESE?

IT'S A SEMI-AUTOMATIC SO IT DOES ALL THE WORK FOR YOU. JUST AIM IT AT THE BELLY OF WHOMEVER YOU WANT TO SHOOT -- AND SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER
YOU ONLY HAVE SIX ROUNDS. DON'T WASTE ANY ON WARNING SHOTS.
MS. NOGUCHI, I AM NOT A SOLDIER
THIS ISN'T A WAR MIRIAM. THIS IS SURVIVAL.
W-WHO MIGHT I BE SHOOTING AT?
DON'T WORRY - YOU'LL KNOW WHEN THE TIME COMES.
TELL ME, MIRIAM, THE UNCLASSIFIEDS YOU BROUGHT YOU -- KEGAR'S REPORT SAID HE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT TRANSMIT EGGS OR SPORES TO HOST BODIES.
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WHEN THOSE SPORES GREW UP THEY'D LOOK LIKE THIS?
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHY DO YOU ASK?
BECAUSE I'VE SEEN SOME OF THESE THINGS TONIGHT. THERE WERE DOZENS, MAYBE HUNDREDS OF THEM IN THE LEVITOR.
I THINK ACKLAND'S RHYNTH WERE INFECTED, OR IMPREGNATED, BY THESE THINGS, AND THEY'VE SPREAD IT TO ALL OF THE HERDS ON THE SHIP.
--AND I THINK OUR TWO UNCLASSIFIEDS ARE SOMEHOW CONNECTED.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
YOU KNOW, RHYNTH TEMPERAMENT - RIGHT. I'VE GOT THREE THOUSAND HERDS THAT HAVE BEEN CRAMMED INTO HOLDING PENS SINCE LAST NIGHT.
WHAT KIND OF MOOD DO YOU THINK THEY'RE IN RIGHT NOW?


I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU IF I CAN BUT KEEP THIS DOOR LOCKED
I KNOW MY REGRET DEEP AND PERHAPS YOU HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MANNER YOU HAD YOUR REASONS
BUT THAT SEEMS SO WASTEFUL WE COULD BEAT SO MUCH FROM ONE ANOTHER
DR REVNA! IT IS ME MACHIKO!
IT IS ME MACHIKO!
MS NUGUR H

CRUNCH

CLICK

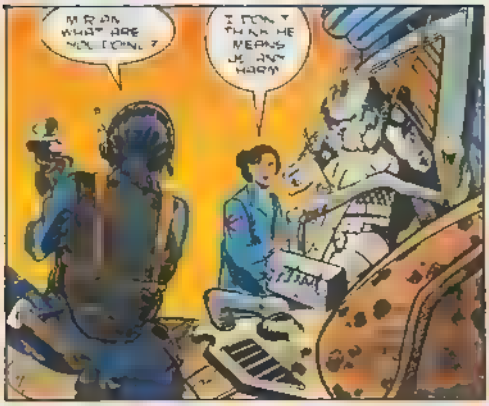
RIP

AUTHORIZE
PEPSI
SHING

CRAA-SH

THINK
BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

MY VOICE


I DON'T THINK HE MEANS US ANY HARM

KILLED

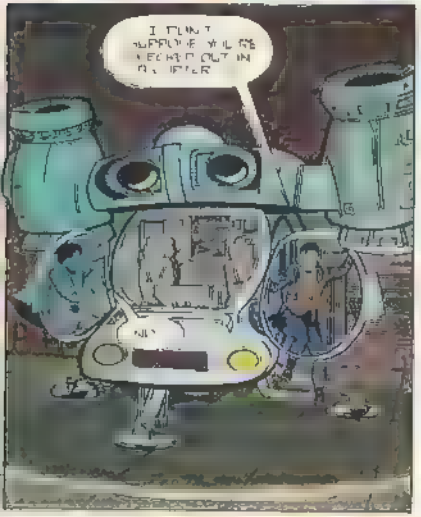
THEY

RIGHT NOW!

THE HOVER BIKE IS TOTALLED...
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE COPTER
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE CHECKED OUT IN HELICOPTER
I ALWAYS RELIED ON NEXAR
I REN YOU, COPTER-1 WE'RE ALMOST READY BUT YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT'S HAPPEN IN THE SOUTHWEST QUADRANT

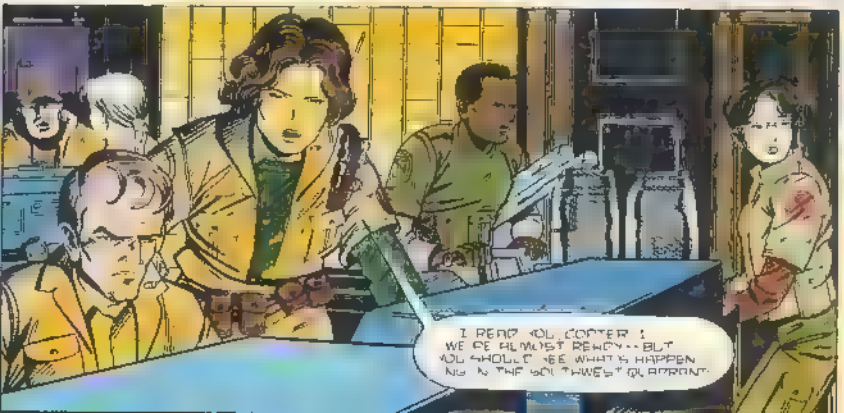
THE HOVER BIKE IS TOTALLED.

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE COPTER.


I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE HEADED OUT IN A COPTER.

I ALWAYS RE-FIT ON NEAR

SLAM ME NEXT TIME THE SHOULD BE INTERESTING.


I READ YOU, COPTER! WE'RE ALMOST READY -- BUT YOU SHOULD BE WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE SOUTHWEST QUADRANT.

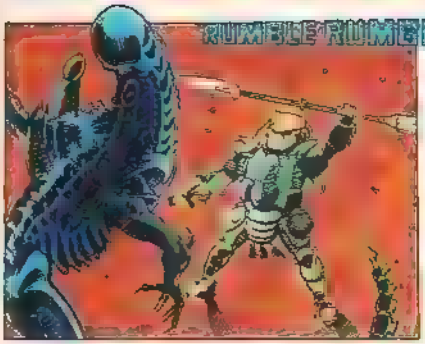
...IT LOOKS LIKE ALL OUT WAR!
AW CHRIST! WE WERE BETTER OFF IN THE SHIP
OH MY GOD
GOLNEY EVEN BETTER THAN I'D HOPED FOR. WEAVER STANDS BY FOR MY SIGNAL
HANG ON MR. BIM!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
THE HOLLOW PEN!

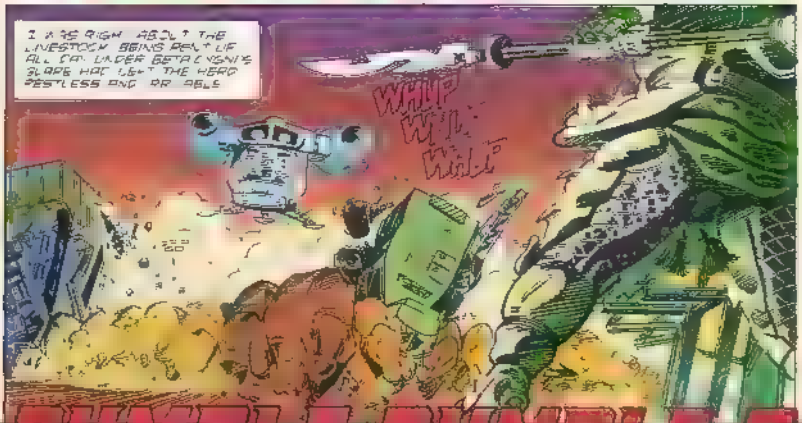
SLIN

CLICK-A-CLACK

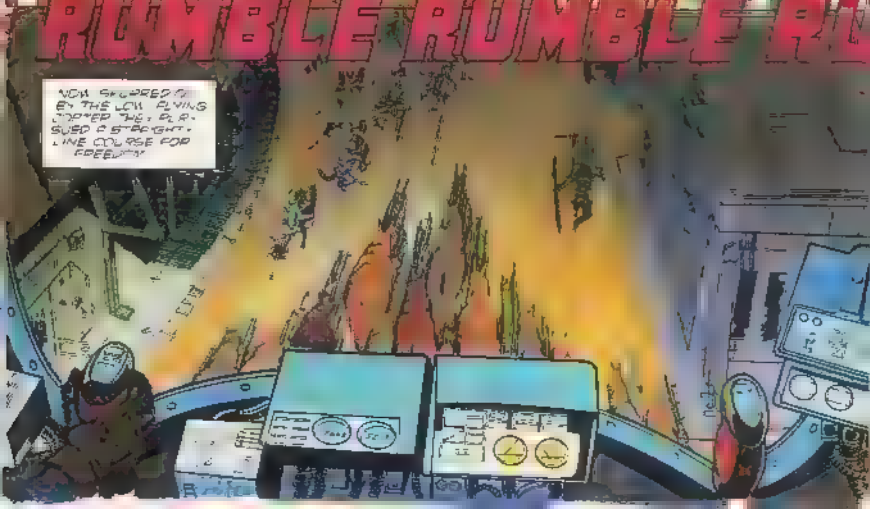
CLICK

SSSS





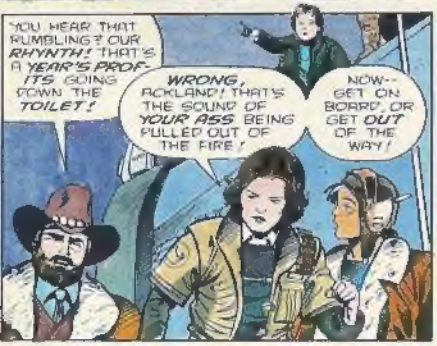
RUMBLE RUMBLE RU



EVERYTHING

I COULD HEAR THE THUNDER OF HOOVES AND THE BELLOWING OF THE RHYNTH CLEARLY ABOVE THE POUNDING OF THE COPTER'S BLADES.

I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE BUT WEAVER ABOUT MY PLAN, BUT I HAD TO BELIEVE THAT BY NOW EVERYONE AT THE EAST LOCK HAD FIGURED OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING.



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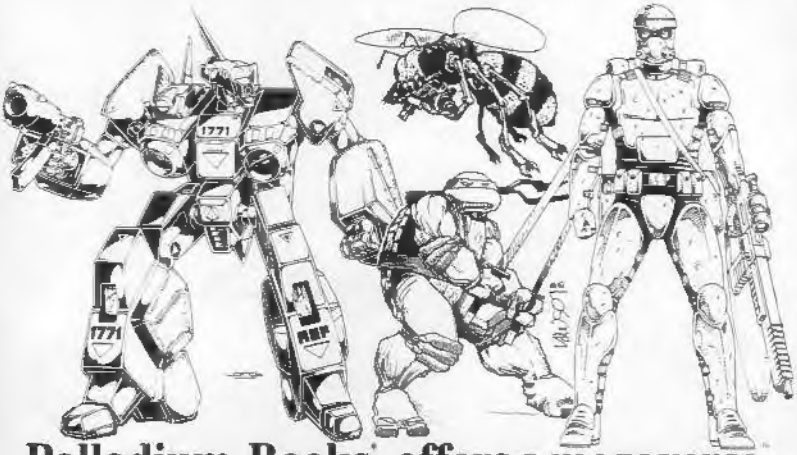

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